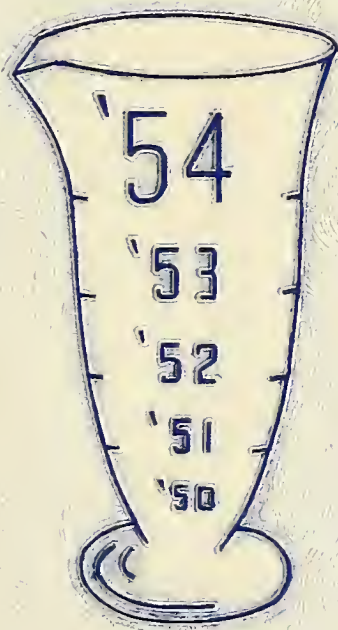


COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

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PROF. F. J. POKORNY

COLUMBIA


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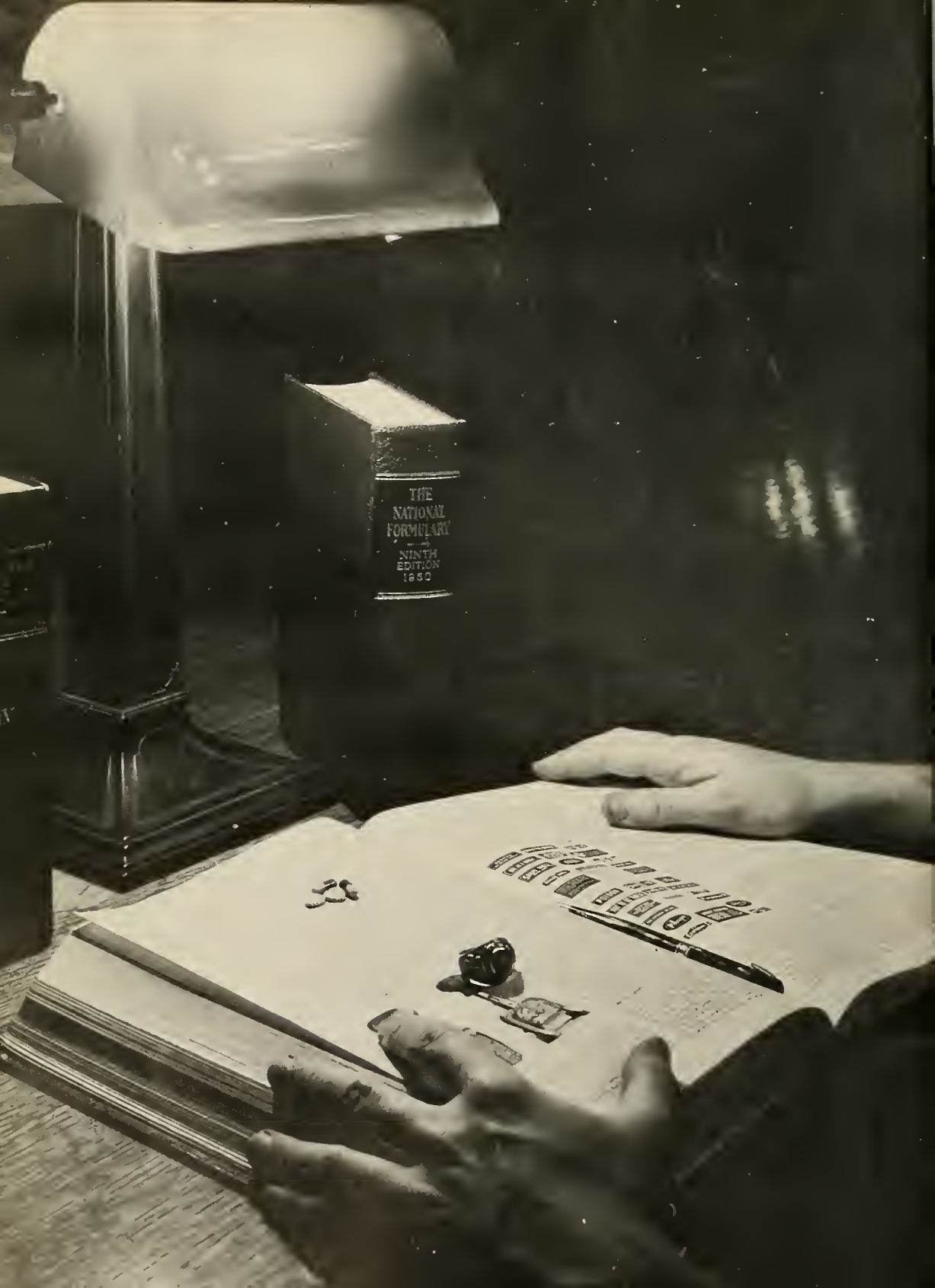
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June 1, 1954

Rx



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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF PHARMACY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
-DEPARTMENT OF PHARMACY-

115 WEST 68th STREET

NEW YORK

NAME Pharmacy Student AGE 4 Years
ADDRESS New York City DATE June 1954

Rx

Four (4) years of formal education and use it wisely for both yourself and the profession you are now entering. Make it your duty that your education never ends. The pharmacy profession is one of constant research and progress. To be a successful member you must strive to uphold its standards and better them by constant awareness of your responsibilities to the public.

Take pride in your work for yours is an envied position in the community. Maintain this position by never lowering your ethics and always doing your utmost to serve society.

The Editors

N. R. ☒

REP. TIMES AT INTERVALS

THE CREW



editors

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ronald shiff

joan spiro

photography

stanley schenfeld

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william tillman

jack vaupen

reva waldeck

arnold weinstein

fred weissman

celeste wolper



DEAN'S MESSAGE

On many occasions, particularly during the last year, you and I have discussed a great many topics, some pharmaceutical, some not. At times we have strayed far afield from any remote resemblance to what most people would consider the subject area of "The Pharmacy of Medicinal Substances." I hope that at least some of you have gotten my message.

We reviewed some official preparations, we surveyed the alkaloids, the glycosides, the volatile oils (remember alpha-pinene?) and we attempted to relate chemical structure to pharmacological activity. All of this, I believe, was good and proper. Some of this information you may even use.

Once in awhile, we have even gone so far as to invite a critical inspection of certain "facts." I hope that we have not been unduly critical, that we have not obscured the merit and the good in the subjects of our criticism. Let me assure you, this one time more, that the intention has been to encourage you to seek the truth, to help you to develop an inquiring mind, to point the way to your opportunity for contribution and service.

You have a sound, fundamental knowledge. Apply this to practice, continue to learn from each experience, and you will progress steadily in the profession.

Since you entered CUCP, a dream of a new home has become a plan and the plan is pointing most surely to a reality. Before very long, a new structure will rise, overlooking the park, and the College will be able to expand its educational activities. I hasten to add, lest there be misunderstanding, that a change or an improvement does not necessarily point to a fault or a serious lack in an existing condition. Nothing can be static and remain effective. Continuous change is the order. To say that next year's class will be better taught than you were is to say that you were better taught than last year's class. Both statements are true, yet misleading. Would we say that last year's graduates are poorer pharmacists because they did not hear from the faculty about Tetracycline? Certainly not! Topics, and courses, and teaching methods change constantly. And, do you know something, so do our alumni. And so will you. You will keep abreast of the times by your reading, your attendance at meetings, and your own initiative.

I hope you will keep in touch with your college — directly and through the Alumni Association. The shelf life and the customer acceptance of our produce is of real interest to us.

Sincerely,
E. E. Leuallen

Dean

DEDICATION



"A teacher affects eternity" wrote Henry Adams. "He can never tell where his influence stops." In these uncertain and cynical days, a teacher of dedicated sincerity is especially influential — for it is by his example that a student forms his own attitudes and ideals. And if he also conveys the warmth of a genuinely interested personality, his influence can be doubly effective. Such a man is Professor Leonard T. Chavkin, to whom we dedicate this yearbook.

As an educator, Professor Chavkin does not merely end his duties with the teaching of his subject matter alone. Beyond this, he succeeds in communicating ideals that exceed in importance purely factual wisdom — for professional integrity is the really indispensable element to a truly successful career.

Professor Chavkin is an authority on cosmetic and dermatological bases and vehicles; he lectures in these subjects at the graduate faculty of dermatology of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons. Here at the Columbia University College of Pharmacy he teaches courses in Pharmaceutical Economics (where we first encountered him), Dermatologic and Topical Vehicles, and a graduate course in Industrial Manufacturing.

He received his B.S. at the Columbia University College of Pharmacy in 1944, his M.S. at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science in 1947, and is now working toward the completion of his Ph.D. at New York University.

It is with great pride that we of the Class of 1954 dedicate this Yearbook to a man for whose understanding and patience we shall always be grateful.

BOARD

OF

STRATEGY



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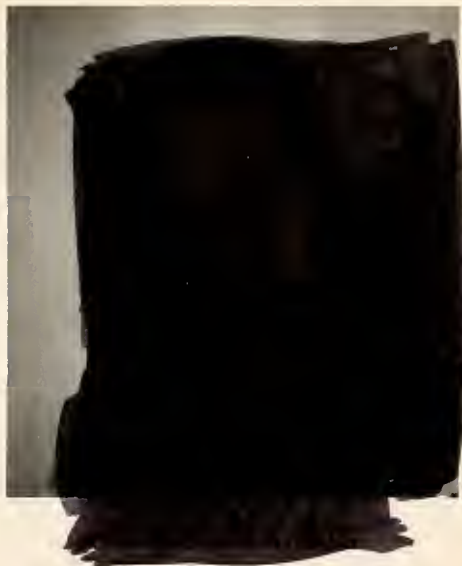


WILLIAM WEINGOLD

MACY



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M. STOLAR AND H. LAPIDUS



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AUGUST A. DiSOMMA

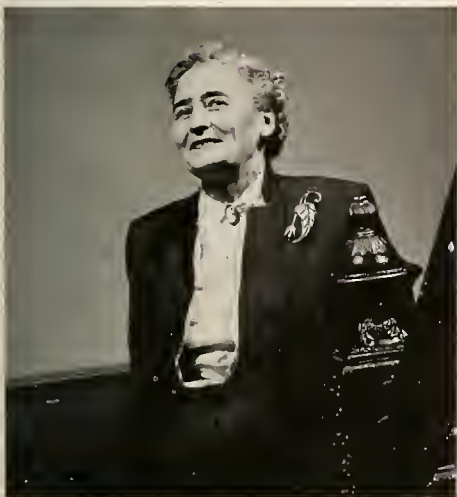


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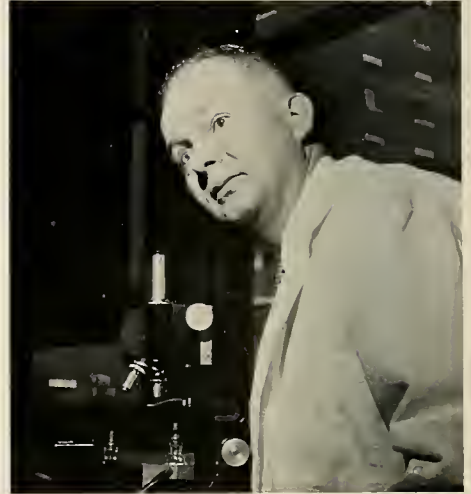
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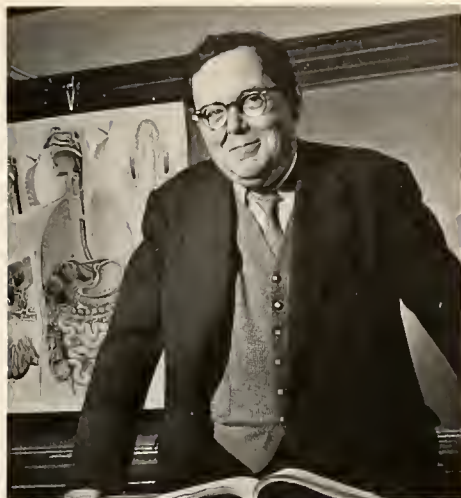
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WILLIAM J. WONG



MICHAEL CLAY



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FRANCOISE KELZ



MARGARET C. STAUD



SOL A. HERZOG



NATHAN J. HELLERBACH



MARTIN LEVIN



DAVID BUCHSBAUM



RICHARD D. HEFFNER

S



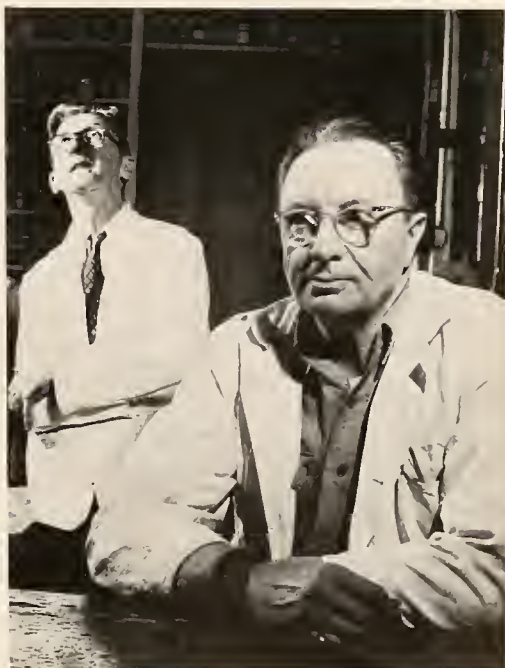
"JOCK"



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF



"PETE"



"GEORGE and HORACE"



This was the day of all days, the day I became a freshman at Columbia University College of Pharmacy. Luck was really with me. Evidently, I had triumphed on the Pharmacy Aptitude — lucky it wasn't Attitude Test. Professor Liberman must have thoroughly enjoyed my autobiography and must have been impressed with my great wealth of literary knowledge.

It was nearly 9 when I was pushed off the train at 66th Street; they weren't quite as fast to push me up the steps. I then tried to run across campus but was delayed when my briefcase became entangled with an Oldsmobile in "Grossman's Used Car Lot". I entered the building and gaily tripped up the steps to Room 50 where Mr. Heffner was ready to embark on the first of his lectures that were to inform us of those men whose ideas helped to form the philosophy of the times. This day was different from those

that followed because everyone was awake and the seats in front were filled. Mr. Heffner's lectures were constantly informative, but were not really enlightening until Bob Shulman made the fastest exit from the time of Saint Thomas Aquinas to this time.

After trying the bookstore for several days I finally went to Barnes and Noble and tried to obtain the calculus text — it must have been out of print and if anyone has a copy of "Romp Through Calculus" I would like to have it to complete my library. Now, if the differential of $4X^2$ is $8X$, then how the h--- is $2 \times 2 = 4$. Well, now being thoroughly confused in arithmetic, we met, by definition, Mr. Buchsbaum, geometrical analyst and calculator.

Mr. Levin tried to make English an interesting course but had some very keen competition from the fellows who were

HMAN

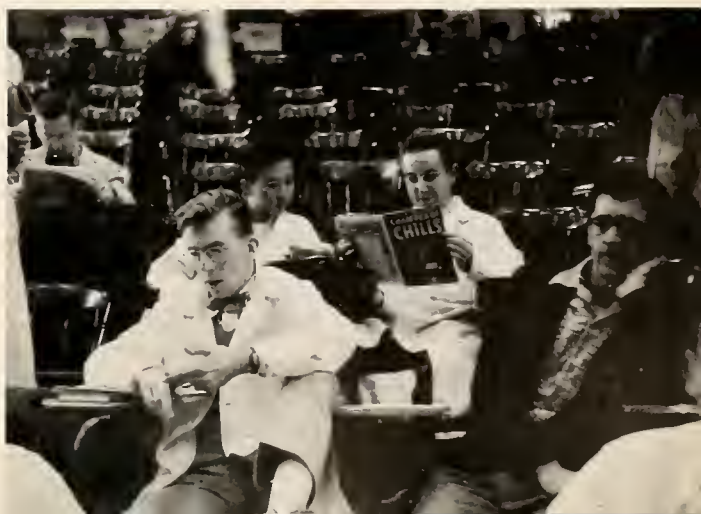
trying to improve their penny pitching (there was a student who made a semester's tuition this way). Not until halfway through the semester did we discover Mr. Levin's hidden ambition was to be Mr. Anthony's understudy.

One of the better note takers in the class lent me his notes in Zoology. At first I was stumped at the "Uh-hums" that appeared after every other word, but soon realized that this fellow wasn't going to be caught with incomplete notes. All right, now!!!

Professor Bailey really helped make Freshman Year a busy one — there was a lecture exam every other week, with a lab exam during the idle week. This was much better than having the work accumulate? We also had the pleasure of being introduced to six flights of stairs which led to the "Hall of Doom" — alias Chem Lab.

Thought I was pretty bright — I could spot a maple tree when I saw one. But a GINKO? The trip upstate to see the female GINKO (there is only one in New York State) can be easily arranged by contacting Professor Pokorny. Complete traveling directions by rocket ship or greyhound are also available upon request. Do you know what leaf is on the Park Department trucks? Answer follows.

Of course, we were finally introduced to "Blue Books". Yes, finals had arrived but we sure wished they had been omitted. They don't trust us — empty seats all around and three hours to count the fluorescent lights. How many did you say there were? How do they change those bulbs anyway? See J.S. for the correct answer. She just found out too. Final grades will be posted — but they didn't say when.



SOPHO



I was really good in arithmetic (got an "A" in elementary school) but it was really pathetic because I couldn't catch on to Wee Willie's manner of adding two and two. Then, to make things worse, he threw fractions in for kicks.

The Analytical Chemistry courses, under the able guidance of Sam L., a minor league pitcher "chuck it out" are really difficult to forget. I used my very best technique (accounted for all lost material) and still it wouldn't come out even with the aid of "Finagler's constant". Finally I located a Gypsy tearoom in midtown which employed one of the most competent teareaders in captivity. She only

missed on one report and her error was in the fourth place, after the decimal. The poor fellow on balance 13 had difficulties. If he opened the window his balance blew away and if he closed it his sample dehydrated. "Please Herbie, explain I missed this point in lecture even though I was there". Point, you say, the whole term I mean.

This was also the year we went "professional", Pharmacy Tech (Cookbook Pharmacy). The first preparation we made was Uva Ursi Infusion (USP I), a product every competent Pharmacist should be able to prepare.

During lecture, Mr. Sheinhaus was

MORE

able to assure us that Cantharides did not work. This was one of the severest blows suffered.

Oh well, once again the blue books had arrived, guaranteed trips to campus only upon request, special rates for second offenders.

After a summer's vacation (experience forms completed) — I'm not going to miss that October board — I found myself ready to face all the courses. This is the year of the safari (I tried to get special round trip fares to the campus and the tunnel won't be completed until 1998).

Physics at Pupin Hall with Dr.

Sachs. This is the course in which the class really excelled. After a while I realized I did as well even if I did the crossword puzzles during lecture. For those of us who didn't enjoy lecture, there was recitation, which was even worse because there were fewer students for each instructor to watch. Physics did have its good side, the lecture was given in a room where smoking was permitted — cancer anyone? What railroad conductor brought his friend to a lecture and found him completely stunned at the lecture's end? Amazing! No arms and legs but he could read.





Another summer was soon gone and we had acquired more practical experience toward the October Board.

This is the year I've been waiting for. From the day I entered all I ever heard was "You think you have troubles, wait until you're a Junior". What could be so hard? Organic? Dispensing? Business Law, that must be the one.

For some reason, the A.Ph.A. got a big play this year; everyone wanted to join. Not really everyone — heard there was a fellow that thought the A.Ph.A. wasn't the organization for him. He continued the work for the new group forming in the school, "The Young Pharmacists' League". Is it on the Dean's subversive list? Has McCarthy investigated it yet?

Professor Kanig gave many fine lectures but the one that was outstanding was the one in which he defined Eusexia — oops — Eutexia. I don't think anyone forgot the definition but it was never asked on any of his exams.

It was this fall that we once again took a course in the Botany Department. On the first day of Lab, we started on a walk through Central Park — but before the trip was half finished attendance had fallen greatly. Those of us who lost our way in the park and ended up seeing Ivanhoe at the Music Hall realized we were in trouble when an exam was given on the subject of what we viewed that day (the plot of Ivanhoe was not an accepted answer).

The hours of four to six on Tuesday and Thursday were spent in Room 34 listening to Uncle Nat telling us about Profit and Loss sheets, debit and credit ledgers and Commercial Law. We learned whom to sue, when, and how, and that it is essential to carry a whiskbroom with you at all times.

THAT'S THE
LAST TIME
I VOLUNTEER
FOR THIS LAB!



This year was a busy one. I found it difficult to take the course in German. German, you ask, what's that for? But that was the only way I could do my original project in Organic. Herbie Wolfzahn was booked solid for translations. Organic Chemistry was its name, but what happened? I'm a pharmacy student? I don't have to be intelligent. Boy, that racemic form doesn't know which way to turn. During our exciting lab work Bill received his degree in firemanship, Don in cork powdering and Harold in barbering, and I.S. for having an organic name. What fun it was to watch those monstrous setups collapse — a closed system, eh? Please see Mr. Nackman for special technique in making watchglasses from 500ml. flasks. How did M.S. (the antlered one) hand in products while at Grossingers? See R.S. for seven gallon vat procedure. This year a new company developed in our midst (We Dye For You, Inc.). Most of us found Dr. Di Somma's exams quite enlightening and took quite a long time to finish. One idea for saving time was the Benzene ring stamp (at least it took up space), might get a point for filling up the paper anyway.

Professor Chavkin shocked us all when he announced that he was not going to give a final in Drug Store Management. Instead, we would have panel discussions. The idea was a great success until we found out that comments would have to be handed in at the close of each discussion — carbon paper was a distinct disadvantage (so the motorcycle kid found out). This was the course in which we were indoctrinated with the ethics of the Pharmacy Profession. Our opinions did not necessarily agree with the panel of experts chosen by Professor Chavkin. Would you purchase and sell cheaper hair brushes?

"The second paragraph on page 202 in the USP is of particular importance — to what does it refer?" All of us were well prepared for this question after sitting in on Mr. Weingold's lectures. I think the general feeling was that the USP reads better than it plays. Also given was a special course on "How to be Isotonic" or "How not to be Irritating to your Professor".

This year Professor Halsey substituted frogs for the cat we used in Freshman year. I don't think anyone had a normal frog during the semester (but the fingers could be relied on to give normal reactions — thank B.T. and R.S.)

Most of us breathed a sigh of relief as final week rolled around. At last we were finished — not literally. And our worries were over, they don't fail Seniors.



IDIOT! MALE SUPPOSITORIES, NOT "WHALE"

PARKE DAVIS



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The last man came running down the platform at Grand Central Station and at 6:30 sharp the class was on the way to Detroit. It was a long trip and a few of us got much sleep, but there were compensations for that. Ronnie Shiff started it all with his unsurpassable capacity for telling stories. Doc Halsey, our faculty chaperon, took up where Ronnie left off. Playing background music and singing heartily to the rhythm of clicking rails was Artie Getzkin and Ukelele five. Card games were scattered all over our two private cars, with Harry Levine winning the endurance medal by playing cards fourteen straight hours. Round about 2 A.M., the time that normal people would doze off, a group of solid citizens sang "Irene, Goodnight" to our other faculty chaperon, Professor M. Irene Bailey, and the festivities for the night were officially ended, except of course, for the card games. At 8 A.M. the College of Pharmacy counter-part of the 20th Century Limited pulled into Detroit with 85 bleary-eyed students. Buses whisked us over to our opulent suites at the Hotel Book-Cadillac and we supposedly were all ready to take a full days tour of the Parke Davis plant. So, picking ourselves up from the land of somnos we received our official welcome and then blearily saw all the machines and methods that Joe Kanig told us about in dispensing lecture.

Weary students came back to the hotel that evening, but after a quick shower they were not too weary to go en masse to the Burlesque Show after dinner. Among the notables in the audience was our own Celeste Wolper, taking it all in. After that tour de force, a number of the more studious looked at Detroit from behind the brass rail.

Morning probably came all too quickly and we were off to see Parke, Davis' superlative research building. A few of us though, that is Bob Shulman, Irv Kahan and company were off in the other direction to Canada, in order to do their own research.

That evening we had the big banquet that Professor Pokorny told us about. The filet-mignon was dressed with roving musicians, speeches and miniature mortar and pestle pins. After dinner, factions jaunted all over Detroit and environs for entertainment purposes. Fred Weissman and Howard Cohen led a progressive group by rented car to the University of Michigan — for educational purposes of course.

At the crack of dawn, it was Frank Kavalier, Marty Winkler and Stan Kopit who got off to an early start in their rented Chevrolet to see the Ford Motor Company's River Rouge Plant while the rest of the class slept late — if you call 9:30 A.M. late. They finished their "quickie" tour just in time to make a 100 yard dash for the 11:00 A.M. train that took us all to Kalamazoo. This "milk train" ride was dominated by the omnipresent card game and witty comments to the effect that this yokel local must be the western branch of the HTRR.

Arrival at Kalamazoo was an ignominious affair. We were "snuck" in through the rear R.R. yards, a method that was resented by all and a slur that Kalamazoo shall long regret . . . three of their streets are still missing. This "indignity" was soon rectified though, for we were promptly



UPJOHN

met by the Upjohn representative, put into buses and driven directly to our two hotels to prepare for dinner and a free evening in Kalamazoo. The hotel accommodations didn't match the luxury of Detroit but they were the finest in Kalamazoo and no one had a complaint.

That evening, after a quite elaborate buffet supper, Columbia hit Kalamazoo. Some mild mannered people took Upjohn's free tickets and went to the movies, but most of the rest looked around for other excitement and in spite of the Upjohn representative's warning that Kalamazoo is a dull town, they found excitement — or made it. Details here would be too gory to print and even more embarrassing to explain, so it shall be said that a good time was had by all.

The next morning, each group ate breakfast in its own hotel and boarded Upjohn's buses for the plant. En route we were told that one-half of Kalamazoo works at the plant and the half that doesn't, wants to. After touring the plant we realized that this statement was very close to the truth. The plant was beautiful, it was the paragon of industrial efficiency. Having recently been constructed, it had every modern device conceivable to make production fast and the employees comfortable. It was a one story operation with raw materials coming in one side of the building and the finished products leaving from the opposite side. To expedite this, much of the equipment was on wheels. There were fork trucks scooting all over, with electric eye doors aiding



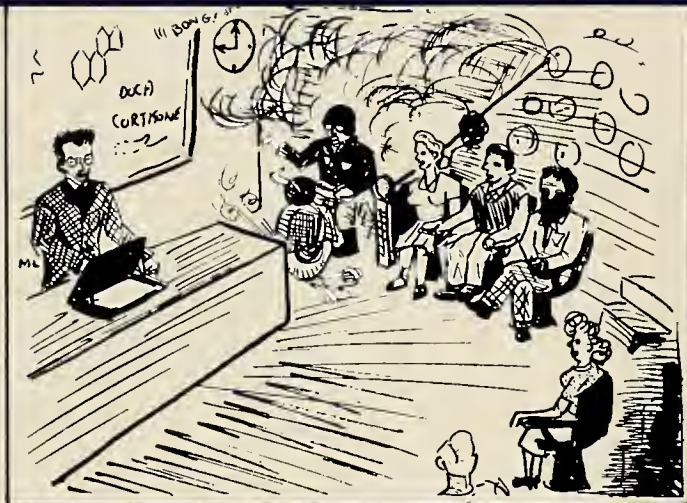
them to go through barriers. For the comfort of the employees there were snack bars staggered throughout the plant with accompanying employee recreation. It was really a plant of which Upjohn and the pharmaceutical industry could be proud.

That evening, half the group went to a dance at Western Michigan College with six of them having dates under the auspices of Harold Eckstein. To put it mildly, the reception for Columbia was cool — the good times of the previous night were already taking their toll. One by one, the "dancing contingent" drifted away to join their brethren in pursuit of more and greater activities. The second evening in Kalamazoo was a mere shadow of the first, this primarily due to a tired crew and a more vigilant police force. By 2 A.M. or so most sane people were in bed, and some were even asleep.

The following morning we went to visit Upjohn's research laboratory. This laboratory was located in the heart of Kalamazoo, much removed from the outlying manufacturing plant. We again saw the complex of glassware and precision instruments that we first met up with at Parke-Davis. Research workers from each department of the laboratory instructed us in the various phases of the operations being performed.

In the afternoon we bade farewell to Kalamazoo and left for the station. The trip home was much milder than the trip going. Apparently the boys had learned that they needed the sleep. On Saturday morning, the train dived with a roar into the two and one-half mile tunnel that burrows under Park Avenue and there we were at Grand Central Station, having had a very successful and happy trip.





HERE!

It's here, that magic year in Pharmacy school. My summer was completed again and every summer day is recorded as one of Practical Experience. I performed all the duties of an apprentice as outlined in Article 137 of the Education Law of the State of New York (thank you, Sol).

1. The proper care of stock and store arrangement — moved three year old specials from right side of store to left side.

2. To manufacture USP and NF preparations — added to a gallon jug, five pounds of Jack Frost Granulated sugar and q.s.'d with water (tap?) to make one full gallon. Shake until dissolved.

3. To compound Rx's — never knew the numbers table so well before.

4. The preservation of drugs — placed two dram vial of Chloroform in Dried Raspberry box.

5. The handling, compounding and dispensing of drugs, chemicals, medicine, poisons, and galenicals — counted out fifteen Dexedrine SO₄ tablets (by hand) crushed in mortar, added other ingredients and dispensed in capsules

6. The handling of prescription apparatus and laboratory equipment — broke three graduates and cleaned refrigerator, sink and toilet weekly (weakly). It wouldn't be long now with all this experience behind me that I'll be showing off at that October Practical.

Well, as I was saying before I so rudely interrupted myself, it's that magic Senior C.U.C.P.

Year. You know it even had a magic number — no, not 69, but 25 (credits, that is). Well, I'm just a lower senior. Boy, it was just what I needed. My weight was now down to 115 lbs. and I could enjoy the invigorating air of 8 to 9 A.M. each morning on the subway. Well, 8 to 9, 9.10, 9.20, what's the difference? Must say that new professor was glad to see me no matter what time I arrived. "Please come to my office", was his cry. Did you know that the average swindose is 2X the normal adult human dose? Also the LD_{CLAY} over ED_{CLAY} = MD (Margin of Danger). Yes, my new experience in Pharmacology had an even newer experience in Professor Clay. "Why O why did he ever leave Ohio" was sung to the shrills of Mogil's pitchpipe.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAN

Just as if it had been planned, at 10 A.M., who walks in but CUCP's most magnificent after dinner speaker and before dinner cocktail drinker — Dean Leuallen. It's kind of early for dinner — oops he forgot his lunch pail (it's dark in Rockville Centre in the morning).

This is the lecture I've been waiting for. I sure like story telling — tell me another Sam, and then there was a fellow from Philly . . . The exam grades got better and better until questions 60 and 61 on the final broke me. Who knew the color of the text and the publisher of Index Q?

Well, my easy year had just begun. Yes, it was time to Gram stain my E. coli and percolate the left over Belladonna from Sophomore year. I wonder if R.S. got an alias for Bact Lab. Thank Getzkin for those finagle sheets — they sure saved the day. "No precipitation without Agglutination". "Join the Alta coccus Union 1199½". "Cocci of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your flagella".

This was the year in which my ingenuity paid off. In a course labeled "Pharmaceutical Technology III, under the able guidance of that "There's cold cream now in Camay" man, Professor Chavkin, I tested my products. Yes, I had the most mixed up skin after those five months, it didn't know whether to dry up, secrete or just lay there. By the way, did you know that the toothpaste formula was recently purchased by an outfit that supplies mad dogs for movies and TV? (Nothing stops that Na Lauryl SO₄ from foaming.) This course sure did lower our interfacial surface tension. We kept calling each other "surfactants". Gee mom, I got a closet full of beakers.

And so I continue. Once again we returned to Room 10 to meet Dr. L.N. (Pills) Brown and senior dispensing. We also met our lab instructors Herbie and Red, the latter the Israeli envoy to the United States — Guns for the Arabs. The famous "X" predominated through the course the first semester but Red and Herbie willing, I ventured into Upper Senior Dispensing all alone. This it it men, don't forget your Rx copies and set numbers. Yes, we are really being prepared for the State Board . . . Oops! What did you say, Dean? Oh no, you don't mean it, not in September, U.S. Army here I come. Guess what happened?

Lest I forget here is the course of the year. For a special six dollar fee I was allowed to take

it. This was the ultimate and was I glad. Do you know the only unicameral legislature in the U.S. is Please cancel all reservations for trains to Oregon and its bordering states. We are ineligible for the Board because:

- We haven't Professor Herzog's OK
- We have sold contraceptives without an Rx
- No competition for Mom (S.H.'s we mean)

Chose one.

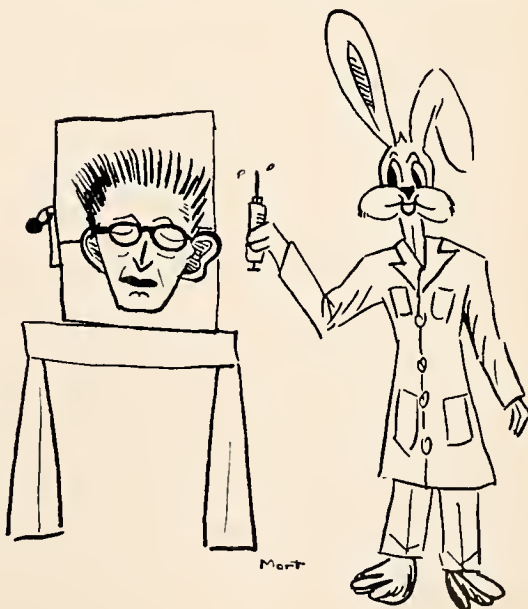
By the way, my seven year old son just got the job of marking the dean's final in May.

WARNING TO JUNIORS: Don't get assigned to a seat or you're through. Keep moving you will be a harder target to hit.

Well, this is the end of our little story. Believe me, it's faster to read than experience. Yes, with four good years behind me I am now ready to face the trials and tribulations of Drug Store Pharmacy. Just one more hurdle to surmount — those State Boards. Shall I take Jersey, California or the Maine quickie? Maybe Alaska is the one for me. I hear they reciprocate with Siberia, Attu and Greenland. Graduate study, anyone?

ANSWER TO QUESTION:

Leaf on Park Department Truck — Buchu.



LILLY

SENIOR TRIP



The completion of final exams in January signaled the start of pleasanter things for the Senior Class. So, on Saturday, January 16, 1954, the C.U.C.P. gypsies again picked up stakes and started out on the second trip west. This time we were to visit the Lilly Company at Indianapolis and the Abbott Company in Chicago. To bring you back to those pioneering days, here are the highlights of the trip.

Saturday, January 16

7:15 P.M. Grand Central Station; full of people as usual. The crew had already gathered at track-side, 138 in all. Strange women were seen amongst the group, at first they were thought to be another homey touch provided by the Lilly Company. On investigation, they proved to be the wives along for the ride.

7:25 P.M. Boarded the train. General pushing, shoving, confusion and shouting.

7:30 P.M. Lurched out of the station. Joel Yellin again in all his glory.

7:31 P.M. Card tables unfolded. Place took on the appearance of a casino. "Black Jack" Levine, the modern day river boater, quickly scouted up a game and cut to open.

9:00 P.M. Also seen on board were Mr. Ed Biloon, a local Lilly representative, and another gentleman who claimed to represent the New York Central. The Lilly representative had more poker variations up his sleeve than Hoyle (ask Feldman).

10:00 P.M. The railroad representative went through the cars trying to discourage the ingestion of alcoholic beverages. He was very unsuccessful in his efforts.

Sunday, January 17

1:00 A.M. Sleep was almost non-existent. The couple's car packed with hopeful sleepers, while Moose kept all quiet with his "subtle threats".

4:00 A.M. "Jacks or better".

7:00 A.M. Time out for breakfast

1:00 P.M. Arrived in Indianapolis. We were met at the station by Bill Perry, Lilly Public Relations man. Bus trip to the Lincoln Hotel. Lunch at the hotel. Pretty good food — looks like we'll enjoy our stay.

3:00 P.M. Bus tour around the city. Most of us saw only the insides of our eyelids, but remember — if KANIG doesn't sleep, NOBODY sleeps. Aside from the speedway, the only points of interest were the memorials to one thing and another.

5:00 P.M. Back to the hotel for one hour's sleep.

6:00 P.M. Packed into the buses for a trip to dinner at the Hollyhock Inn. The place was way out in the hills. It was so secluded even the bus driver lost his way.

7:00 P.M. Dinner. Great southern fried chicken with all the trimmings served in Henry VIII quantities.

9:00 P.M. Bus trip back to the city. Vocal efforts so spicy, the bus driver refused to enter the vehicle until the proper censorship was applied.

9:30 P.M. Back in town. The place looks shut tight, but our boys investigate the city's "potentialities".

11:30 P.M. What! Ten Bucks! Are you kidding?

12:30 A.M. A good snooze.

Monday, January 18

7:00 A.M. Phone rings. Somebody attempted assassination of the telephone operator.

7:45 A.M. Breakfast. Standard food.

8:30 A.M. Bus trip to the Lilly plant.

9:00 A.M. Group picture (smile).

9:05 A.M. Tour — capsules, ointments, tablets, ampuls, smells, insulin and more capsules.

12:00 A.M. Lunch at the Lilly cafeteria. Atmosphere almost equal to that at the C.U.C.P. lounge.

1:15 P.M. More capsules, ointments, tablets, ampuls and odors.



ABBOTT

6:30 P.M. Banquet dinner at the Lincoln Hotel. Terrific dinner topped off by the mortar and pestal ice cream. Home was never like this. Then came the speeches, who was making all the noise in the rear of the hall?

9:30 P.M. Burlesque?

12:00 P.M. What! Ten Bucks! No thanks.

1:30 A.M. $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains of Seconal. Sleep.

Tuesday, January 19

7:00 A.M. Phone rings, up again.

7:45 A.M. Breakfast. Looks like the food left from yesterday.

8:45 A.M. More capsules, tablets, ointments, etc.

12:00 A.M. Lunch. Good food complemented by the appearance of the cafeteria.

1:00 P.M. Bus trip out to the Lilly Farm. Cows, horses, other animals and sleepy students encountered. Very interesting phase of the tour.

3:30 P.M. Back to the hotel. Packed bags. How can you get a blanket into the suitcase with all those rowels?

5:00 P.M. Last look at Indianapolis.

8:30 P.M. Arrived in Chicago.

9:00 P.M. Buses to the Congress Hotel. Lack of accomodations forces crowding. Most of the rooms look like rush hour subway cars. Two barracks were erected on the third floor.

10:00 P.M. Night off to see the windy city.

12:00 P.M. Parties at the hotel. Much fire water spread throughout the building.

3:30 A.M. The end of another day of rest.

Wednesday, January 20

7:00 A.M. Phone rings. Up again. What last on the bathroom line?

7:45 A.M. Breakfast.

8:30 A.M. Bus trip to the Abbott plant. It is impossible to sleep in a bus.

10:30 A.M. Capsules, tablets, ointments, powders, ampuls and speeches.

1:00 P.M. Group picture (smile).

1:15 P.M. Lunch



2:15 P.M. Baby chicks, capsules, ointments, rabbits, dogs, powders and pilot plants.

4:30 P.M. Trip back to the hotel. Snowing.

7:00 P.M. Dinner. Entertained by the Abbott Medicine men.

8:00 P.M. Reva discovers a fast way to get back to New York.

8:30 P.M. Got blown around town. Good beer, friendly people.

12:00 P.M. Ten bucks, huh? Well . . .

1:00 A.M. $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains of Nembutal. Solid sleep.

Thursday, January 21

10:00 A.M. Late breakfast after the first good night's sleep.

1:00 P.M. Sightseeing along Chicago's Lake Shore Drive. Tour of Science and Industry Museum.

4:30 P.M. Farewell dinner.

6:00 P.M. Back to the train for the long pull home.

8:30 P.M. "I raise a dime".

9:00 P.M. Singing to the strains of the banjo. All emerge with fog-horn voices.

10:00 P.M. Break out the food. Endless variety of eats appear along with all types of beverages, alcoholic and otherwise. Sandwich hawker reduces his prices to meet the competition when passing through our cafeteria car.

12:00 P.M. Slightly inebriated night's sleep. "Hey Joel, turn up the heat".

Friday, January 22

9:00 A.M. Train running late. Hudson scenery is really something during the morning hours.

1:30 P.M. Arrived, Grand Central Station.

The second trip of the class of '54 proved to be enjoyable as well as educational. The memories of this hectic week will remain with us for a long time to come. But please, send that sign back to Indianapolis!



1754-1954

BICENTENNIAL



First Day of Issue



MAN'S RIGHT TO KNOWLEDGE
AND THE FREE USE THEREOF

REMARKS
MAAA
MAAA

Bicentennial
**COLUMBIA
UNIVERSITY**
1754 1954



FIRST DAY OF ISSUE

COLUMBIA CELEBRATES ITS BICENTENNIAL

We of the Class of 1954 are fortunate: Our Commencement takes place during the Bicentennial Anniversary Celebration of Columbia University. The Celebration is divided into three sections. The First Convocation, stressing Columbia's relationship to its immediate neighborhood and to the City of New York, occurs on January 11, 1954. The Second Convocation, emphasizing the University's importance as a national institution, will be co-incident with our Commencement Exercises on June 1, 1954. A Third Convocation, commemorating the signing of the original Charter of the College by George II, will occur on October 31, 1954.

These festivities signalize the progress made by the University in two hundred years. Founded as King's College in 1754, the first classes were held in the Trinity Church Schoolhouse. From such modest beginnings, Columbia has grown into a great institution of learning comparable to the largest and finest in the world.

Columbia, always foremost in the defense of academic freedom has undertaken to affirm its position on this occasion by adopting as the theme of the Centennial: Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof. There are forces at the present time which inhibit individuals from free inquiry and free expression yet complacency and indifference to this threat exist. It is the purpose of Columbia's Bicentennial Theme to remind the unwary that freedom can be lost if it is not guarded closely. In this appeal to all freedom-loving people, Columbia has not only won the support of other educational institutions but of governments as well.

1829-1954

The Bicentennial Theme is to be realized by the College of Pharmacy in a tangible way: a research institute is to be built as part of the development program of the College — a monument to Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof. For without this basic right of free men, developments in new fields of pharmaceutical research would be impossible. And, during this year-long Celebration, the College of Pharmacy will hold a symposium at the McMillan Theater on the Bicentennial Theme. Representatives of the various branches of pharmacy will contribute to this conference. The entire field of pharmacy will take this opportunity to affirm Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof.

In its choice of themes, Columbia is teaching us, its students, and the world, a lesson — a lesson we ought not to forget. We well realize that each generation has a right to learn and to express itself but this right — and here is the lesson — must be exercised and defended continuously. Thus, at the end of two hundred years of teaching students, Columbia University finds it necessary to call for a re-affirmation of principles basic to the educational process.

We, the Graduates of 1954, wish to raise our voices with our University, to affirm this our Right, the Right of those who shall come after us, the Right of all men.

And we offer proud homage to our Columbia. Bearing its two hundred years well, the University, in its Theme as in its everyday activities, exhibits a vitality that promises to be a significant force in human culture for many, many years to come.





THE BALL
AND CHAIN
SOCIETY

THE URINE ANALYSIS CLASS



The handsome face above represents one of those students, who, having nothing to do in the evening decided to delve into the mysteries of Urine Analysis, either for a pastime or because they were simply curious. Enough cannot be said for the great work they are doing. In fact, the less said, the better. Not that we mean to imply that they have accomplished nothing, on the contrary much was done that was never included in the curriculum. Under the able instruction of Doctor Pascudnack, the members have developed into finished analysts, their clients supplying the finish. For further information about these students glance at these open, honest features and see if you can truthfully say that you ever saw a greater, more courageous, more intelligent, cerebral depressant.

HAROLD ABRAMOWITZ

AIM: Grow up like other boys
 GAME: The "Systeine" Kid
 FAME: He? — She?

FAY ALEXANDER

AIM: Move to Greece
 GAME: Follow Arge
 FAME: No trips during vacations

ARRI BACHRACH

AIM: Freshman women
 GAME: Piano
 FAME: 5 year plan

PAUL BECK

AIM: Shorter haircuts
 GAME: Holding hands
 FAME: Beck Tech

CLYDE BERNSTEIN

AIM: Righteous living
 GAME: Passing Pokorney's Quizzes
 FAME: Blonde in Chicago

MARTIN BLAUSTEIN

AIM: Sleep
 GAME: Sleep
 FAME: Sleep

MARTIN BOUSEL

AIM: Silence
 GAME: Peace
 FAME: Quiet

HOWARD COHEN

AIM: Northwestern Med School
 GAME: Writing, then filling RX
 FAME: Deans List

ELIZABETH DABNEY

AIM: Lakewood, N. J.
 GAME: Pharmacology
 FAME: entertaining

NORBERT DELATY

AIM: Grow hair
 GAME: Rolling Suppositories
 FAME: Front seat in Herzog's class

ARGE DRUBULIS

AIM: A 110 grade
 GAME: Studying
 FAME: Deans List

HAROLD ECKSTEIN

AIM: So., Fallsburg women
 GAME: Making out in Kalamazoo
 FAME: Rabinical School

LEONARD FELDMAN

AIM: Play it cool
 GAME: Winning Kanigs Cadillac
 FAME: The manager

MARTIN FIELD

AIM: Pass Bacteriology
 GAME: Strong finger a kymograph
 FAME: The social register

PAUL FRANKEL

AIM: Make a noiseless sneeze
 GAME: Operation Big Toe
 FAME: Sabu, the elephant boy

ABRAHAM FRIED

AIM: Know your professors
 GAME: Follow your professors
 FAME: Talk to your professors

JACK FRIED

AIM: Ask any girl
 GAME: Post Office
 FAME: Dizzy!

SAM GARFINKLE

AIM: Raise a family
 GAME: Got married
 FAME: In Canada its Sidney

PAUL GELBER

AIM: See no evil
 GAME: Hear no evil
 FAME: Speak no evil

ARTHUR GETZKIN

AIM: Aliquot chocolate Syrup
 GAME: Mental anxiety
 FAME: Shaggy dog stories

TEDDY GLADSTONE

AIM: A girl friend
 GAME: Window peeking
 FAME: 5 Colleges

ROBERT HOOK

AIM: Have a good time
 GAME: Just like Yellin
 FAME: Pindle Ave??

VERNON HOPE

AIM: Bigger and better parties
 GAME: Lets hold hands
 FAME: Jamaica baby

ALFRED INGBER

AIM: 10% rakeoff
 GAME: Pass the Trol
 FAME: Fizzled in Chicago

GUSTAVE JACOFF

AIM: Graduate
 GAME: Heading the Ropes
 FAME: 5 year plan

GERALD JOSELSON

AIM: Empire Theatre
 GAME: Plucking chickens
 FAME: Thru the top of the convertible

IRVING KAHAN

AIM: Riverside Apt House
 GAME: 5 Card Monte
 FAME: French pictures of DeGaulle, etc.

SAUL KAPLAN

AIM: A+
 GAME: Anytime
 FAME: A Ph A

ARTHUR KAUFMAN

AIM: Get the LIRR on time
 GAME: Get rid of Bobbi
 FAME: Faded Joe Fogadoli

LEONARD KAUFMAN

AIM: Knows all
 GAME: Questions all
 FAME: "Dopper Dan"

FRANKLIN KAVALER

AIM: Look like Cohen
 GAME: Fluoreslent socks
 FAME: The Dissenter

HARRY KING

AIM: Understand Willie Wong
 GAME: Rolling 5E pills
 FAME: Arizona boy

STANLEY KOPIT

AIM: A bar
 GAME: Chug—a—lug
 FAME: Root beer

ROBERT LANGER

AIM: To drink beer at the sink
 GAME: Bedroom eyes
 FAME: Drop the soap chips

SHELDON LAWENTMAN

AIM: Eating
 GAME: Eating
 FAME: The Vulture

MORTON LEITNER

AIM: Enjoy the senior year
 GAME: Got married
 FAME: Cartoons of the Prots

ALVIN LENTZ

AIM: Room of his own
 GAME: Marriage
 FAME: Baby face

HAROLD LESTER

AIM: Lumber tycoon
 GAME: Which twin has the Toni?
 FAME: Esquire boy

HAROLD LEVINE

AIM: Catch the 6:34
 GAME: Potzy
 FAME: Florida Tourist

STANLEY LOWENTHAL

AIM: See Brooklyn win series
 GAME: Basketball
 FAME: Married to Monticello girl

ROLFE MAHLER

AIM: Bachelorhood
 GAME: Cross word puzzles
 FAME: Odd colonies in Petri dish

ME

FAME

THOMAS MARKOWITZ

AIM: Beverly!
GAME: Beverly!
FAME: Beverly!

ROBERT MARTINEK

AIM: Manufacture Bust Cream
GAME: G.O.P.
FAME: Bear grease on hair

JOSEPH MISEK

AIM: Flunk Herzog
GAME: Victory at Sea
FAME: Looks like Clay

RICHARD MOGIL

AIM: Skid Row
GAME: Whanna bet
FAME: A Z O prexy

EDWIN NACKMAN

AIM: No MU's
GAME: Worrying
FAME: Justine

RICHARD NEIMAN

AIM: Almond Cookie Broth
GAME: Pellicle, fellicle
FAME: Poetry

DANIEL NICOLAI

AIM: Play it cool
GAME: Spin the bottle
FAME: One day honeymoon

PAUL OBERNAUER

AIM: Join British Army
GAME: Re take Khartoon
FAME: Eisenhower's brother

HOWARD REMLAND

AIM: Ride Trigger
GAME: Cowboy Movies
FAME: Please call Joan Lerner

DAVID ROTHSTEIN

AIM: Twins
GAME: Summer wedding
FAME: "Running Fox"

IRWIN SATIN

AIM: Second Honeymoon in Chicago
GAME: Judy
FAME: Great White Whale

JOSEPH SCARPULLA

AIM: Kosher Lasagna
GAME: Deactivated Rope
FAME: "Skin head"

GERALD SCHAUBMAN

AIM: Free supply of Dexedrine
GAME: Not studying
FAME: Chess

STANLEY SCHENFELD

AIM: Apt. of his own
GAME: Camera
FAME: 10c a picture

DONALD SCHEPS

AIM: Mustache
GAME: Cookie duster
FAME: Soup strainer

LOUIS SCHMIDT

AIM: Meet the class
GAME: Hiding notes from kids
FAME: Family man

REYNOLD SHIFF

AIM: It's Ronald
GAME: It's Reynold
FAME: It's Ronnie

MAURICE SHIRKEN

AIM: More clothes for Arlene
GAME: Big Red Returns!
FAME: The Moose

ROBERT SHULMAN

AIM: Be like dad
GAME: Movies with Pomerantz
FAME: Member of AMA & deep sea fishing

ARTHUR SILFEN

AIM: Move seat
GAME: Luminous paint
FAME: Play switch with Tillman

EVELYN SINCLAIR

AIM: Not pay any additional lab fee
GAME: Pills in sink
FAME: Tinkle of Glass

JOAN SPIRO

AIM: To learn the facts
AME: indefinite gum chewing
FAME: More minutes than notes

MARTIN TANCER

AIM: State Board in Georgia
GAME: Award Kanig
FAME: Sam Schreiber of CUCP

HERBERT TARTAK

AIM: New Look
GAME: Burl Ives
FAME: Appendicitis by contact only

BORRIS TEPPER

AIM: Soft arm on trips
GAME: Luminous paint
FAME: 5E suppositories

PAUL THAU

AIM: Drug store in Mts.
GAME: Yes
FAME: "Goldie Lox"

WILLIAM TILLMAN

AIM: Blonde shicksa
GAME: Dutch Treat
FAME: Play switch with Silfen

NORMAN TISCHENKEL

AIM: Hot rod
GAME: Weekend in Florida
FAME: Norman!! would you

MYRON TOPPER

AIM: Graduate school
GAME: Follow Tischenkel
FAME: State Boards

JACK VAUPEN

AIM: Pass calculations
GAME: On the carpet
FAME: Veep

REVA WALDECK

AIM: Odd roommates on trips
GAME: Whanna see my operation
FAME: Play in traffic

STANTON WEINBERGER

AIM: Cars
GAME: Baby at midterm
FAME: Jersey commuter

ARNOLD WEINSTEIN

AIM: Wants marriage for a weekend
GAME: Fit to eat with pigs
FAME: Vampire sucks blood

FRED WEISSMAN

AIM: Broad background
GAME: Get the girls off their pedestal
FAME: Late!

STANLEY WEISSMAN

AIM: Collapsible stilets
GAME: Band Letter "S"
FAME: Boy soprano

MARTIN WINKLER

AIM: Crack the cast
GAME: Here I am, girls
FAME: Fell down for sympathy

HERBERT WOLFZAHN

AIM: Arabic USP
GAME: Ex: Magilla University
FAME: Stern gang

CELESTE WOLPER

AIM: Jakes or better
GAME: Sneaky way to pass Organic
FAME: N'Years Eve parties

FRANK WRIGHT

AIM: Shave the dean
GAME: Dusting
FAME: Chappaqua

JOEL YELLIN

AIM: Replace drugs c̄ trains
GAME: Humping trains
FAME: HTRR



Class Officers

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Irwin Satin

VICE PRESIDENT

William Tillman

TREASURER

Franklin Kavalier

STUDENT COUNCIL

Leonard Feldman

REPRESENTATIVES

Arthur Silfen

THE GRADUATES





HAROLD ABRAMOWITZ
635 Jefferson Place
Bronx, New York



FAY ALEXANDER
8618 5th Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
Lambda Kappa Sigma
Anodyne



ARRI BACHRACH
1637 Undercliff Avenue
Bronx, New York



PAUL BECK
2562 Bouck Avenue

Bronx, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega
Vice President A. Ph. A.
Apothekan
Orchestra



CLYDE BERNSTEIN
65-24 Ellwell Crescent
Rego Park, New York

Chancellor Sigma Tau Epsilon
Treasurer Inter-Fraternity Council

MARTIN BLAUSTEIN
146 Elliott Avenue
Yonkers, New York

Vice-Chancellor Rho Pi Phi





MARTIN BOUSEL
85 East Mosholu Parkway
Bronx, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega



HOWARD COHEN
155 Iris Avenue
Floral Park, New York
Beta Sigma Rho
Vice-President Junior Class
Apothekan



ELIZABETH ANN DABNEY
266 John Street
Lakewood, New Jersey
Lambda Kappa Sigma
Anodyne
Choral Group



NORBERT DELATY
1045 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn, New York



ARGE DRUBULIS
148-43 60th Avenue
Flushing, New York

*Alpha Zeta Omega
Treasurer A.Ph.A.*



HAROLD ECKSTEIN
993 Intervale Avenue
Bronx, New York





LEONARD FELDMAN
Church Road
Toms River, New Jersey
Alpha Zeta Omega
President Student Council



MARTIN FIELD
2734 Claflin Avenue
New York, New York
Anodyne



PAUL FRANKEL
1700 Harrison Avenue
New York, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega



ABRAHAM FRIED
80 Van Cortlandt Park South
Bronx, New York

Rho Pi Phi



JACK FRIED
3190 Rochambeau Avenue
New York, New York

Alpha Zeta Omega

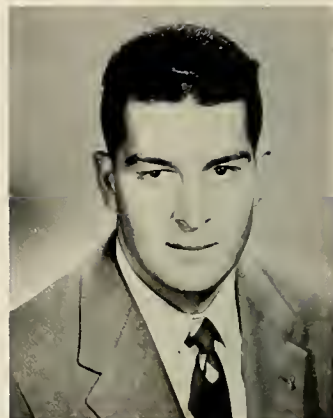


SAM GARFINKEL
1991 Bathgate Avenue
Bronx, New York





PAUL GELBER
260 West 91st Street
New York, New York



ARTHUR GETZKIN
2010 Powell Avenue
New York, New York
Apothekan



TED GLADSTONE
6954 Ingram Street
Forest Hills, New York



BRUCE HOOK
272 Pindle Avenue
Englewood, New Jersey

Kappa Psi



VERNON HOPE
90 McDonough Street
Brooklyn, New York



ALFRED INGBER
South Fallsburg, New York

Delta Sigma Theta





GUSTAVE JACOFF
463 Crown Street
Brooklyn, New York
*Chancellor Rho Pi Phi
Basketball Team*



GERALD JOSELSON
210 Riverside Drive
New York, New York
*Anodyne
Apothekan*



IRVING KAHAN
125 Marcy Place
Bronx, New York
*Delta Sigma Theta
Anodyne*



SAUL KAPLAN
2191 Creston Avenue
Bronx, New York

*Alpha Zeta Omega
President A.Ph.A.*



ARTHUR KAUFMAN
510 Hanson Court
Far Rockaway, New York

*Sigma Tau Epsilon
Vice-President Sophomore Class
Apothekan*



LEONARD KAUFMAN
9 Troutman Street
Brooklyn, New York

Anodyne





FRANKLIN KAVALER

148-12 112th Avenue

Jamaica, New York

Alpha Epsilon Pi

Treasurer Senior Class

Anodyne

Apothekan



HARRY KING, Jr.

2106 West Camelback Road

Phoenix, Arizona

Kappa Psi



STANLEY KOPIT

1372 Franklin Avenue

Bronx, New York



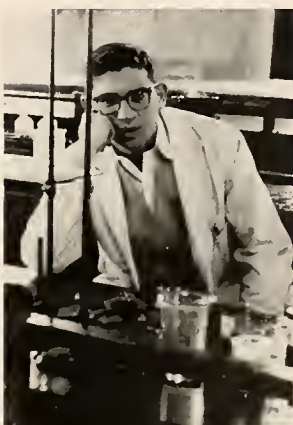
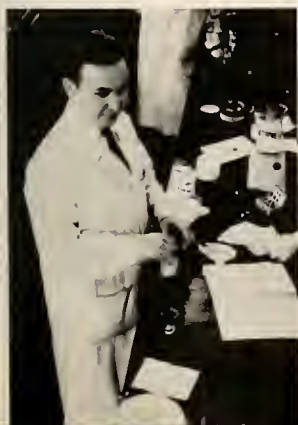
ROBERT LANGER
190 West 170th Street
New York, New York



SHELDON LAWENTMAN
2 Morton Place
Jersey City, New Jersey
Basketball Team



MORTON LEITNER
2050 21st Drive
Brooklyn, New York
*Alpha Zeta Omega
Anodyne*





ALVIN LENTZ
110-17 63rd Avenue
Forest Hills, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega



HAROLD LESTER
2572 Wallace Avenue
Bronx, New York



HARRY LEVINE
81 South Clinton Avenue
Bay Shore, Long Island
Alpha Zeta Omega



STANLEY LOWENTHAL
2156 Cruger Avenue
Bronx, New York

*Delta Sigma Theta
Basketball Team*



ROLFE MAHLER
236 East 178th Street
Bronx, New York

Alpha Zeta Omega



THOMAS MARKOWITZ
127 Hawthorne Avenue
Yonkers, New York





ROBERT MARTINEK
2704 Kingsbridge Terrace
Bronx, New York
Kappa Psi
President Inter-Fraternity Council



JOSEPH MISEK
1412 Charlotte Street
Bronx, New York
Editor Apothekan



RICHARD MOGIL
725 Riverside Drive
New York, New York
Directorum Alpha Zeta Omega
Basketball Team
Apothekan



EDWIN NACKMAN
4400 Wickham Avenue
New York, New York

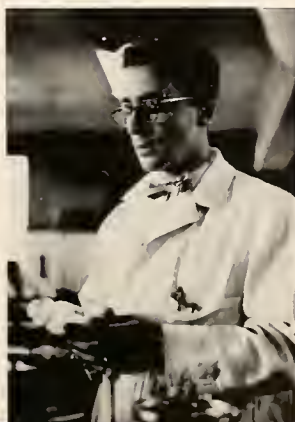
Delta Sigma Theta



RICHARD NEIMAN
14 Winthrop Street
Brooklyn, New York

Alpha Zeta Omega

DANIEL NICOLAI
41-19 49th Street
New York, New York





PAUL OBERNAUER
340 Haven Avenue
New York, New York



HOWARD REMLAND
770 Schenectady Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
Delta Sigma Theta



DAVID ROTHSTEIN
7 Highview Terrace
Yonkers, New York
Basketball Team



IRWIN SATIN
1921 Avenue I
Brooklyn, New York

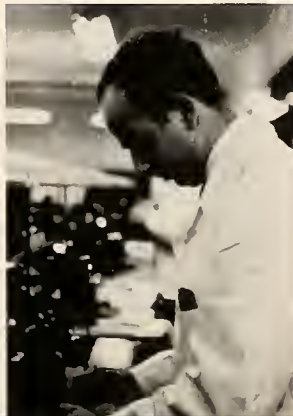
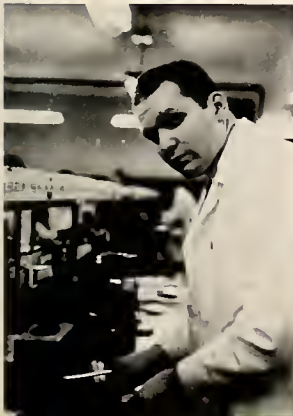
*Secretary Delta Sigma Theta
President Junior and Senior Class
Secretary and Vice-President
Student Council*



JOSEPH SCARPULLA
33-04 90th Street
Jackson Heights, New York

*Rho Pi Phi
Inter-Fraternity Council*

GERALD SCHaubMAN
49-15 Skillman Avenue
Woodside, Long Island
Alpha Zeta Omega





STANLEY SCHENFELD
c/o WAAS
611 West 176th Street
New York, New York—

Apothekan



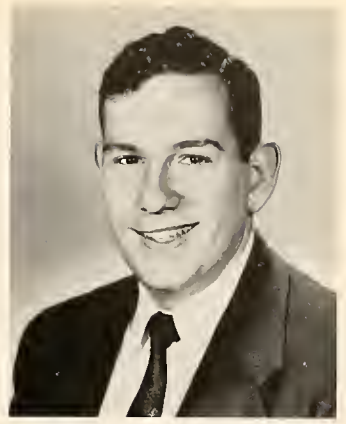
DONALD SCHEPS
1480 Popham Avenue
Bronx, New York



LOUIS SCHMIDT
730 Edeh Avenue
Maywood, New Jersey



RONALD SHIFF
211-02 75th Avenue
Bayside, New York
Delta Sigma Theta
Editor Apothekan
Anodyne
Student Council



MAURICE SHIRKEN
2071 Walton Avenue
Bronx, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega



ROBERT SHULMAN
215-21 112th Avenue
Queens Village, New York
Delta Sigma Theta





ARTHUR SILFEN
495 Schenectady Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Treasurer Student Council
Apothekan



EVELYN SINCLAIR
205 Pinehurst Avenue
New York, New York

Lambda Kappa Sigma
Anodyne



JOAN SPIRO
1185 East 15th Street
Brooklyn, New York

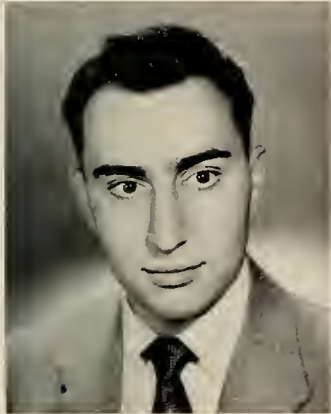
President and Treasurer Lambda
Kappa Sigma
Secretary Inter-Fraternity Council
Editor Apothekan
Secretary Sophomore Class



MARTIN TANCER
4815 15th Avenue
Brooklyn, New York



HERBERT TARTAK
31-34 28th Road
Long Island City, New York
Rho Pi Phi



BORIS TEPPER
1662 Hering Avenue
New York, New York
Vice-Chancellor and Treasurer
Delta Sigma Theta
Anodyne
Apothekan





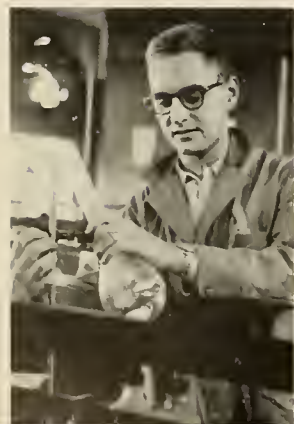
PAUL THAU
6309 23rd Avenue
Brooklyn, New York
Apothekan



WILLIAM TILLMAN
30-76 37th Street
Long Island City, New York
Kappa Psi
Vice-President Senior Class
Inter-Fraternity Council
Apothekan



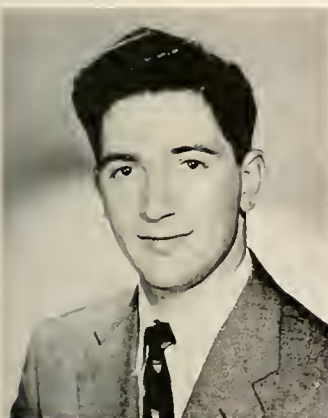
NORMAN TISCHENKEL
4 East 88th Street
New York, New York



MYRON TOPPER
1809 Albemarle Road
Brooklyn, New York



JACK VAUPEN
2805 Grand Concourse
Bronx, New York



REVA WALDECK
284 Cypress Avenue
New York, New York
*Lambda Kappa Sigma
Apothekan*





STANTON WEINBERGER
42 West 29th Street
Bayonne, New Jersey
Anodyne



ARNOLD WEINSTEIN
1040 Anderson Avenue
Bronx, New York
Alpha Zeta Omega
Inter-Fraternity Council



FRED WEISSMAN
43 Townsend Street
Portchester, New York
Apothekan



STANLEY WEISSMAN
735 Mace Avenue
Bronx, New York

Anodyne
School Chorus



MARTIN WINKLER
115 West 172nd Street
Bronx, New York



HERBERT WOLFZAHN
58-14 214th Street
Bayside, Long Island





CELESTE WOLPER
86 Fairmount Avenue
North Arlington, New Jersey

*President and Vice-President
Lambda Kappa Sigma
Editor Anodyne
School Chorus*



FRANK WRIGHT
29 Mill River Road
Chappaqua, New York

*Kappa Psi
Treasurer Inter-Fraternity Council*



JOEL YELLIN
78 St. Andrews Place
Yonkers, New York



ORGANIZATIONS

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SIGMA
TAU
HETA



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ALPHA





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JUNIOR
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COUNCIL



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Last Will and Testament

It has been established as a custom, by past graduating classes, to leave to the school and its future graduates items which they deem of such importance as to merit their attention. To deviate slightly from this, we wish to leave to our fellow graduates items which they have shown a need for in the past four years.

FRANK KAVALER — 100 Rogers Peet labels for his Robert Hall suits.
 IRV KAHAN — A protractor for figuring out new angles
 SAUL KAPLAN — "Visitors Guide to Switzerland" and a book on how to yodel
 BOB SHULMAN — Presidential permission to break the sound barrier
 HAROLD ABROMOWITZ — Season pass to the Hudson Theater
 JOEL YELLIN — Concession for the pharmacy in the Hudson Terminal R.R.
 PAUL OBERNAUER — Black Shirt with an iron cross
 HARRY LEVINE — Marked cards with the eleven aces
 NORBERT DELATY — One (1) can dull finish varnish with an applicator
 JOE MISEK — Tour of St. Albans Naval Hospital
 MARTY TANCER — RX in dispensing marked "E"
 CELESTE WOLPER — Lab Manual on Organic Chemistry instructors
 HOWIE COHEN — Midwives Guide to Abortive Techniques Vol 1 & 2
 HERBY WOLFZAHN — Book on the "Art of Luff", with illustrations
 DIZZY FREID — 10 lbs. of Glutamic Acid plus 1 lb. of Phenobarb
 COOKIE ROTHSTEIN — Book called "What Parenthood Means to You"
 LENNY FELDMAN — A book on student government KE 6-8380
 JOE SCARPULA — A set of books on the talmud
 REVA WALDECK — 16 mm movies of the operation with H. Tartak in the male lead
 REYNOLD SHIFF — Pictures of himself taken when Wong pronounces his last name.

And to the Faculty we leave,

MOE STOLAR — A new supply of Angry Pills 250 mg.
 MRS. STAUD — "Secrets of Faking Kymographs" by A. Weinstein
 DR. CLAY — Pearl Handled Pliers, embossed with the words and music of "Beautiful Ohio"
 HERBY FELSENFELD — A pet bacterium so big that he'll have to keep it chained in the refrigerator
 DEAN LEUALLEN — Meal ticket at the Oxford for a non-banquet night
 PROF. CHAVKIN — Self emulsifying mortar (of pure Sodium Lauryl Sulfate) with a Tween 80 pestle
 PROF. POKORNY — Window box and a packet of Ginko seeds
 DR. HALSEY — A blonde shaygetts for the blonde shiksa
 MR. WEINGOLD — "Arithmetic for the Backward Type Student"
 PROF. KANIG — non-eutectic cocoa butter, for chloral hydrate suppositories
 MISS KERKER — neon sign with "Keep Quiet" for the library
 PROF. TAUB — Finaglers constant and instructions for it's use in a straight forward simple titration
 HERBY LAPIDUS — complete set of identification samples, valued at \$152.34
 PROF. LIBERMAN — A recording of "Chuck it out, Chuck it out, Chuck it out"
 DR. DI SOMMA — A crash helmet to wear during Organic Chem Labs
 AL JACOBS — Pamphlet on "Why Girls Enter Pharmacy School"
 MR. SHEINHAUS — Tincture of Cantharidies that works
 DR. BROWN — Permission to incorporate USP II into USP XV
 MR. HERZOG — A biography entitled "Herzogian Fantasia"
 PROF. HART — Artificial _____ is _____ by _____
 of _____ for her next multiple choice exam.
 MR. HELLERBACH — A one year's subscription to "Lilly's Accounting Service"

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LAST SHOWING

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SNOW WHITE AND THE
SEVEN DWARFS

IN 3D WITH STEREOPHONIC SOUND

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SLEEPY: Marty Blaustein

DOPEY: Stan Weissman

DOC: Lenny Kaufman

GRUMPY: Paul Obernaer

HAPPY: Artie Getzkin

SNEEZY: Paul Frankel

BASHFUL: Marty Bousel

SNOW WHITE: Reva Waldeck

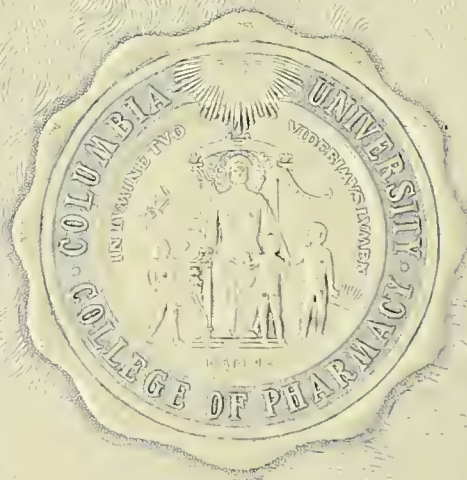


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